

VOEPEL KNIFE TURNS UP.

WHERE DETECTIVES DIDN'T FIND IT WHEN THEY SEARCHED.

Just Such a Knife as Could Have Killed the Murdered Newswoman—Human Hair in the Tie She Held—Up to Her Son to Explain Several Queer Things.

The murderer of Mrs. Voepel, the good-looking German widow who was hacked to death with a butcher knife in her flat at Christopher and Hudson streets last Friday morning, is still at large. No arrest in the case was made yesterday nor is it probable that any will be made until, possibly, after the funeral, which is to be held this afternoon. Detectives from the Central Office as well as from the Charles street station, while they denied having reached any definite result they made several discoveries which seemed to indicate that the number of circumstances to be explained by the woman's seventeen-year-old son if he wants to clear himself of suspicion is increasing.

First of all the missing butcher knife, which once belonged to Voepel's father and was known to have been used recently by Mrs. Voepel as a paper knife, was found, and it turned up under circumstances which were peculiar, to say the least. On Saturday detectives Kliermer and Enright searched every nook and corner of the Voepel apartment for that knife without being able to find it. The boy was pressed with questions about it and always replied that he had no idea what had become of it. Yesterday afternoon Kliermer went up to the Voepel apartment, and more as a matter of course than in the hope of finding out anything he dropped the remark: "It's strange how that knife has disappeared."

"Knife," said the boy, promptly. "Why, that hasn't disappeared. It is on the cupboard shelf in the kitchen."

"It is," said the detective. "Then where did you find it?"

"Right there—it has been lying there all the time, I suppose. I'll go and get it."

"Oh, no," said Kliermer, getting ahead of the boy. "I'll get it myself."

The cupboard and door was wide open. On one of the middle shelves in plain sight from any part of the room the knife was lying. Kliermer and Enright are positive that it was not in that place during the time between the finding of the body and yesterday. On Saturday they rummaged the cupboard from top to bottom in the presence of witnesses. They also found positive that no one but young Voepel had had a chance to put the knife back in the cupboard. That he had done so, however, he strenuously denied.

The knife is one of the kind used by butchers for the skinning of carcasses. It is about ten inches long in all, with a plain wooden handle, across one side of which has been carved the name of the maker, one edge only and the back of the blade is somewhat broad. The hypothetical description of the weapon that killed Mrs. Voepel given by coroner's Physician Weston after his examination of the body tallies almost completely with the construction of this knife, which has disappeared and reappeared in such a mysterious manner.

Detective Enright was responsible for the other discovery of the day, and it was one which may prove of great importance in the case. Examining minutely the black cravat found in the dead woman's hand, he caught sight of a human hair about two inches long sticking in the blood which had coagulated on the cravat. The theory of the police so far has been that the murderer wiped off his knife on the cravat before he placed the latter in the hand of the woman.

Whether that theory be correct, or Mrs. Voepel, in struggling for her life, grabbed the cravat and used it to wipe the blood from her face, the police feel certain that the hair can have come to where it was found only from the palm of Mrs. Voepel's hand or from the knife blade.

The first concern of Capt. Martens after the discovery of this tiny piece of possible evidence was to obtain a sample of young Voepel's hair. In this he succeeded. The issue is too serious to permit of even a reference to the supposed result of the examination of the hair, but the naked eye and immediate forensic tests of the hair by a chemist have shown that it is human hair.

The police have been looking hard for not young Voepel was absent from the stand at any time between 6 o'clock on Friday morning, the hour when he opened according to his own story, and 10 o'clock when he says he went up to the flat to look for his mother. They have only found several persons who saw him in the stand at various moments during that period. But even if he should be able to prove that he remained continuously there all that time, say the police, that will not be enough to clear him because it is not at all certain that Mrs. Voepel was not killed before her son opened the stand.

So far as the medical men who have examined the body have ventured to offer any opinion as to the probable hour at which she met her death, they have disagreed radically. Ambulance Surgeon Curran, of St. Vincent's Hospital, who was the first doctor to see the body, said without hesitation that the woman had in all likelihood been dead for some time before he saw her.

But Dr. Curran subsequently declared that this opinion of his was based on the value he gave to a guess and that he regarded it as impossible to fix with any degree of certainty the hour when life had fled.

The activity of the detectives was concentrated on young Voepel yesterday. By a process of elimination he had become the only remaining object of suspicion. The police had no other leads, and it was previously in connection with the case have succeeded in proving their innocence to the satisfaction of the investigators. While no restriction was placed on his movements yesterday he was not for a moment left out of sight. And not only the police kept an eye on him. He was also under the eye of one of the best attorneys in the county.

Capt. Martens had several interviews with young Voepel. On one of these occasions the police told him that they were sending that a Mrs. Agard, an old woman living across the street from the Voepels, had told them that she had witnessed the murder through the window of the flat. The boy was not in the least disconcerted.

"No one could see me there," he replied, in his usual snappy way. "And you haven't any evidence against me, have you?"

To a SUN reporter young Voepel denied strenuously that he had admitted to the police having ever struck his mother in a quarrel. Capt. Martens, on his side, repeated his statement that the boy had made such an admission.

The woman's funeral will take place at 10 o'clock this afternoon from the undertaker's shop of John F. Asmus, at 355 Bleecker street. The burial will be in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, in the plot where Mrs. Voepel's parents lie.

BROKE THE HUGGER'S HEAD.

Poolroom Keeper Takes a Cue to an Over-Affectionate Visitor.

Nicholas Parranto and his wife Agnes, run a pool and billiard room at 11 Roosevelt street. Last night Edward Ruchel, who is a friend of the Parrantos entered and he began to joke with the woman. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Lynch. "I'll play you a nice quiet game of pool and whoever loses pays with a drink."

And he tried to hug Mrs. Parranto. Her husband grabbed a cue and knocked him down. The players fled, and so did Parranto. A policeman took Lynch to the district station where Dr. Old dressed his broken head. "I'll make it hurt for Nick, you see if I don't," said he as he left the station.

Nothing Too Good

for Market Affairs. The report that the market affords served on Erie dining and cafe cars—table d'hôte or à la carte.—Ad.

WRECKED BY GAS.

House Destroyed and Two Women Killed by an Explosion.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Mass., Feb. 16.—The house of T. Elmer Gould, a grain dealer, was wrecked at 6:40 o'clock last evening by an explosion of gas, by which the house was lighted. Mrs. Fanny Gould, wife of the owner, and a neighbor, Mrs. John R. Tremble, were killed. Mr. Gould had his leg so crushed that it was amputated. Margaret Lahay, a domestic, had both legs broken, besides suffering burns and bruises. Mrs. A. C. Fenton of New Britain, Conn., a sister of Mrs. Gould, who was in the house, escaped uninjured.

So forceful was the explosion that at a distance of half a mile from the scene pictures were thrown from the walls and furniture moved. The ruins caught fire and threatened surrounding dwellings, but were put out.

According to the story of Mrs. Fenton the lights in the house went out and Mr. and Mrs. Gould went down cellar to investigate. There occurred a slight explosion and they both came upstairs. Against the expectation of his wife Mr. Gould took a lighted lamp and returned to the cellar, saying he would fill the gas machine. Then the explosion came. Mrs. Tremble had just happened in to ask Mrs. Gould to spend the evening with her. Bess, daughter of Mr. Gould, is attending school at Ossining, N. Y. Mr. Gould is expected to recover. The house was the finest in town.

THEATRES AND SPECULATORS.

Two of the Latter Say That the Managers Recognize Their Trade.

Jacob L. Marks, the ticket speculator who was arrested in front of the Criterion Theatre on Saturday night charged with assaulting Hugh McGarry, a private detective employed by the theatre, and Mimor Coriet, another speculator, who was arrested for talking too loud and too much there, told a little of the relations between ticket speculators and theatre managers when they were arraigned yesterday morning in the West Side police court. Lawyer Joe Moss of Howe & Hummel, was on hand to help prosecute the two prisoners when the case was called. The prisoners seemed surprised.

Why, the theatre people know that we are ticket speculators," they cried. "It is a regular thing for us to buy 500 worth of tickets a day at the box office. We can show tickets at most any time for a whole row across the theatre. They know who we are when they sell us the tickets."

Marks declared that he had bought as much as \$1,200 worth of tickets at the box office. He said that he had been discharged, he said, for selling tickets to speculators, but there never was any difficulty in getting from the box office all the tickets he wanted. He said that he had been discharged for selling tickets to speculators, but there never was any difficulty in getting from the box office all the tickets he wanted.

BRITISH GUARDS BAND.

Its Concert Last Night Introduces an Interesting Conductor to New York.

The new brass band conductor who was seen last night at the Herald Square Theatre has none of the marked peculiarities of his kind. He lacks John Philip Sousa's pose and affectations and is simple in manner to a degree that will make it difficult for vaudeville actors to mimic him if he remains here long enough to achieve such fame.

He is named Handel Victor Phassey, and the British Guards Band is the title of the organization which he conducts. He is more than 40 years of age, and he is not any other military conductor, and he is therefore stout and jovial looking. He wears glasses and sticks to business. When asked by the Herald Square Theatre, he made such a long trill that the audience held its breath for fear the soloist would lose his breath altogether. Conductor Phassey's appearance was not disturbed after his brief confinement. But he was able to make his twenty-four uniformed men produce music that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience.

Phassey, who is a native of London, has been in the United States for two years ago. He is a native of London, and he has sung chiefly in Europe, although he has appeared here in England. The first time he appeared here was in 1898, when he was in the band of the British Guards.

MISS SCOVELL'S DEBUT.

A Niece of President Roosevelt to Sing Here Next Friday in Concert.

Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovell, a cousin of President Roosevelt and a visitor at the White House during the present winter, is to make her debut as a professional singer next Friday morning at the Waldorf-Astoria at one of the concerts given under the direction of L. M. Ruben. Miss Scovell's mother was Mrs. Cornelia Roosevelt, who was married some years ago to a singer known as the Chevalier Scovell. Her father is a native of Detroit and has sung chiefly in Europe, although he has appeared here in England.

The family has resided for some years in Italy, but Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt frequently made long visits to this country. Miss Scovell came to New York to make her debut in society. She has cultivated her voice for some years and has sung in private during the present winter. Miss Scovell has not yet determined whether she will follow a professional career.

PADEREWSKI GIVES A SUPPER.

Composer of "Manru" Has Mme. Sembrich and Other Opera People as Guests.

M. Ignace Paderewski, gave at Delmonico's a supper on Saturday night in honor of Mrs. M. Sembrich, who is the leading feminine role in the production of "Manru" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday night. The supper, which began at midnight, was served in the white and gold ballroom and the fifty guests were seated around an oval table decorated in pink roses with the initials of the prime minister, M. S. Paderewski.

The family has resided for some years in Italy, but Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt frequently made long visits to this country. Miss Scovell came to New York to make her debut in society. She has cultivated her voice for some years and has sung in private during the present winter. Miss Scovell has not yet determined whether she will follow a professional career.

The Wetzlar Symphony Concert. At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was given the first of the Sunday Popular Symphony Concerts and the auditorium was top-heavy with audience. An orchestra conducted by H. H. Wetzlar played Mozart's overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro," a symphonic poem "Orpheus," and the Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde."

It was apparent that there had not been enough rehearsals—when there are three or four—of the music, and for some of the songs which must be glossed over generously. The Mozart overture went best of all, and sounded the charming, winning composition it is. Liszt's "Orpheus" did not hang together convincingly. As to the Wagner—here that old bugbear "Tempo" crops up again, the rock of musical discussion on which families have split, but if Mr. Wetzlar believes these Wagner excerpts should drowse along as they did yesterday, then the least one can do is to disagree with him.

Especially in good and lusty voice sang an aria from Haydn's "Seasons," Verdi's rollicking "Quand ero Paggio," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and Wetzlar's "Killercranks," which latter song had to be repeated.

Mrs. Morris Black sang charmingly Liszt's "Kunst der Lied," and the aria "Kunst der Lied," for which Mr. Wetzlar played her accompaniment. There was liberal applause.

POLICEMAN'S BRIDGE MANIA.

TAKEN AWAY FROM THE TROLLEY LOOPS TO BELLEVUE.

See Cars Rounding the Curve at Him and Running Down Himself and Others Who Are in No Danger—Surgeon Wonders There Are Not More Such Cases.

Policeman John Dowling, who has been stationed on the Brooklyn Bridge for sixteen years, or since he was appointed to the force, was taken to Bellevue Hospital last night and put in the insane ward for observation. The doctors think that his mind has been unsettled by the strain and worry of handling the crowds in the rush hours at the Manhattan end of the Bridge, where he has been doing duty for the last few days.

Dowling went to work at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Shortly before 6 o'clock he told roundsman Farrell that he was not well. He was sent off duty.

Dowling went to the Bridge police station and Capt. Kenny sent him with Policeman John Farrell to the house of Dr. Nammack, the police surgeon, at 42 East Twenty-ninth street, Manhattan. Capt. Kenny had noticed that Dowling had been acting a little queer of late. Dr. Nammack decided that Dowling's mind was at least temporarily unbalanced, and took him to Bellevue.

Dowling has shown no violent symptoms of insanity, but Dr. Nammack says that he has a wild eye and imagines that he is always in imminent danger of being run over by a trolley car.

For the last few days, according to Dr. Nammack, Dowling has had hallucinations in the form of seeing cars rounding the curve at the Manhattan side of the Bridge, when he was away from the place and no cars in sight, and also of trying to save people from being run down by cars when they were in no danger.

"It is a wonder that more of the policemen who have to handle the crowds at the Bridge do not become insane," said Dr. Nammack. "It is a terrible strain on the men. Besides having to regulate traffic and keep people from being killed by the cars, they also have to keep them from punching each other. It is enough to affect any man's mind."

Roundsman Farrell and the policeman at this end of the Bridge say that Dowling has not had much to do recently with handling the crowds, as he has not been stationed at the car tracks, but nearer the stairs leading to the elevated and Bridge trains. One of the policemen said that Dowling for a week or more has been acting as if he were worried, and for that reason has been transferred from the middle tower, his post for some time, to the Manhattan entrance. For a number of years he was on the platform at the Brooklyn end of the Bridge and was conspicuous for his soldierly bearing.

His fellow patrolmen say that he is above the average in intelligence and very polite. Dowling is about 45 years old. He lives at 185 Seventh street, Brooklyn, with him two sisters.

WANT THEIR BURGLARS BACK.

New Jersey Sends Requisition Papers for Croughan and Cady.

Detective Larkins of Jersey City went to Albany last night with requisition papers signed by Gov. Murphy for Louis Croughan and William Cady, who are under arrest in this city and are wanted for burglary in New Jersey.

They are said to be accomplices of Thomas F. Croughan, who entertained himself by having long conversations with his victim while he was engaged in robbing them. He is locked up in the City Prison, Jersey City. Gov. Odell is expected to authorize the removal of the fugitives to Jersey City to-day.

Grand Army Men Cheer the Names of Lee and Jackson.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 16.—The sound of vigorous cheering from members of the Grand Army at the names of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, caused a sensation here last evening when Gen. John B. Gordon spoke on the last days of the Confederacy.

The Grand Army posts to the lecture hall and grizzled veterans of the G. A. R. filled the platform. At the mention of the names of Lee and Jackson, the cheering was as loud as for those of Grant and Barber, though a large number of those who applauded had lost limbs at Antietam.

Corundum Wheel Factory Burned.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 16.—The factory of the Hamplien Corundum Wheel Company in Brightwood was destroyed by fire to-day. The fire started from a kiln. The loss is \$50,000.



The suit sale is served! Bill of fare. SPRING WEIGHTS: 1000 and over, black and blue serges, \$16 to \$32 kinds—more from \$20 up than \$20 down.

500 and over, black and blue chevots, \$16 to \$30 sorts—the most were \$20.

1200 fancy mixtures, have been \$15 to \$32—only 100 were over \$15.

WINTER WEIGHTS: 750 or thereabouts, mixtures, were all sorts of prices.

All \$12.50. Also outing flannels, 250 coats, 750 trousers—\$15 to \$20 suits. Coats and trousers \$10, trousers \$3.50, waistcoats \$1.

Also a few golf suits at \$6—coats \$3.50, breeches or trousers \$2.50.

Also a handful of young men's suits—\$2-33-34 chest, \$10.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

250 Broadway, cor. Warren, and Broadway, cor. Prince. 1200 Broadway, cor. Ed. and 14 West 33d St.

PLEA FOR MILK SUPPLY POOL.

WITH THAT THE CITY WOULD GET GOOD MILK, SAY PRODUCERS.

\$20,000 a Day Wasted in Competitive Supply—A Chance to Save Life and Make Money at the Same Time Suggested on Behalf of Dairy Farmers.

The Rockefeller Institute for independent research along scientific lines of matters of practical importance to the people generally made, some time ago, a report in which the quality of a large percentage of the milk supplied to consumers in New York was condemned. It was disclosed in that report that much of the milk which comes into the New York market was pretty well populated with bacteria and that it wasn't all milk at that. The inference from the report that many of the dairy farmers who supply this city are an unscrupulous and unclean generation was not pleasing to the dairy farmers. They have come forward with the statement that there are two sides to the milk question.

About 10,000 dairy farmers have for several years been organized for mutual aid and protection under the name of the Five State Milk Producers' Association. Their President is Ira L. Snell and they have an office in this city at 149 Broadway. Mr. Snell is the mouthpiece of the association in making a protest against any imputation that the dairy farmer is responsible for the poor quality of the milk New Yorkers drink.

He says the fault is with the retail milk merchant here in the city who not only squeezes the farmer down to a small wholesale price, but also takes a large profit on an independently rich philanthropist follow strictly hygienic rules in his dairy, but that the wicked merchant also adulterates the milk furnished by the farmer with water and less harmless adulterants, and also fails to observe hygienic rules in caring for the milk, and in the end the consumer gets a poor quality of milk.

Mr. Snell sets forth that the retailer makes a clear profit several times greater than the farmer, and that the burden of responsibility for bad conditions is on the man who makes the bigger profit; if the milk supply is bad, says Mr. Snell, it is the retailer who is to blame, not the farmer. He says that the retailer makes the biggest profit out of the milk trade.

Therefore he commends the financial interests of New York the project of a milk trust under State control and supervision. This trust shall provide that the wholesale price paid to the farmer shall be raised so that the cows shall be properly cared for and fed and milked and that the retailer shall stop cheating and shall be satisfied with something less than a profit of 100 per cent. Mr. Snell speaks on the subject with some bitterness as follows:

We realize only too well that milk delivered to consumers in New York is bad very bad. It is dirty, skinned, watered, adulterated, full of bacteria dangerous to public health. But to attribute this condition to the farmer or to assume that the evil can be corrected by legislation applied to the farmer is to make the dairy farmer a scapegoat.

If it were true that the farmer is responsible for the bad quality of the milk, it would be possible by law to regulate the style and size of his stable, a degree of cleanliness for his cows, and a system of milking for his cows. The Legislature can do wonders, but some things are not done by legislation. The dairy farmer would help, but would not secure pure milk. A table d'hôte for cows, good manners and cleanliness for stable waters would be desirable, but under present conditions are quite unattainable by legislative fiat.

The situation is deplorable. A change is needed, but changes cost money. Who is going to pay for this hygienic diet, dairy inspection? Why, of course, the man with the milk pail. The price of the product to the consumer, and the deliverment dealers and peddlers are not growing wealthy fast enough.

Mr. Snell explains that of the six or eight cents a quart which the New York consumer pays for milk, only two cents a quart goes to the man who owns the cows, supplies the barns and hires the men who milk the cows and carts the milk to the railroad. The farmer's share of the milk is only a fraction less than two cents. The railroad charges a cent a quart for bringing the milk to the city. The rest of the price paid by the consumer goes into the pocket of the gentleman who comes around and makes a racket at the basement door just before the New Yorker feels like making up in the morning. Of course, the retail dealer has expenses. He has to pay rent for his dairy, and he has to keep a lot of milk wagons going, with cows or milkers on each one. But Mr. Snell, who has been in the business long enough to know, says that the dairy farmer "does nine-tenths of the work, waits from sixty days to six months for his pay (and frequently gets no pay at all), furnishes four-fifths of the capital and gets but one-third of the gross proceeds."

Mr. Snell says: "The farmer's responsibility for the milk and his jurisdiction over it ends when it reaches the local country milk station, which is usually a building connected with or adjacent to the country railroad station. Ordinarily, the New York milk dealer (who is also the milk pedler) owns the country milk receiving station. The farmer simply puts his milk in the milk dealer's cans, draws it to the station, and delivers it to the employes of the milk dealer and pedler, who is in charge of the station, so that the farmer's share of the milk is only a fraction of the whole. The dealer is confined to the time of milking and its passage from the stable to the railroad. It is wholly within the power of the dealer to examine, accept or reject the milk of any farmer, with his instruments, could easily examine and pass upon the milk of each farmer. The cans and glass bottles are furnished by the dealers and pedlers and not by the farmer."

Mr. Snell says that by legislation or otherwise the dairyman has done his part in the best possible manner, that he has prepared a fine, pure, and healthy milk, and that he has delivered it to the milk dealer and pedler. What protects this precious fluid for the three or four or six days, the critical part of its existence? This is where it is subjected to temptations; this is where the dealer, the pedler, has a chance to get even, and if it does not lose some of its virtue, its keeper will possess more than a certain fortune.

As evidence of this you should know that three quarts of alleged milk are now sold at five cents a quart in New York for 10 cents, while three quarts of honest milk at the railroad station in New York cannot be sold for more than 12 cents. How is it that Mr. Pedler and Mr. Corner Grocer can discount the honest milk of the farmer and sell it at a profit of 50 per cent? All about this might be said, but what sort of an article does the consumer get? The milk is sold at five cents a quart, and four or five days after it has left the farmer's hands, where it remained probably for about two hours it goes, filthy, skinned, watered, robbed and adulterated, to the throats of infants and invalids. If that opaque, whitish liquid, now frequently masquerading as milk, could tell its tale of wrong and fraud, of outrage and deception, the abused dairyman would stand forth as Hygieion to a satyr, and the responsibility for disease and death be placed where it belongs.

It is contended that the two cents a quart which is paid to the farmer is a small price for the protection of the milk. In order to maintain themselves thousands of farmers have joined themselves into cooperative societies, and have organized a system of cheese and butter concerns. The result is that the milk comes from further and further away and has to go through just so many more vicissitudes of travel. The farmer also acknowledges that it is not possible to compel the dealer to spend more money to care for the milk properly and that the consumer will not pay more for the milk than he is willing to pay. These are things that Eastern farmers have come to realize cannot be done by legislation. Mr. Snell thus concludes his plea:

The problem seems difficult of solution, but is really very simple. The whole trouble lies in the antiquated delivery system now in vogue. A New York consumer consumes a million quarts daily. It costs at present \$30,000 daily, or nearly \$10 a quart, to deliver this milk. This is three times what it should be. A dozen milkmen traverse the same delivery route, each supplying his own customers. This takes ten times the men, work and expense that it would if properly organized. A vigorous credit system prevails, resulting in large losses. Assume that the farmer is paid two and a half cents a quart, and the milk dealer is paid one cent, and the consumer is paid five cents a quart, and the milk is delivered to the consumer in a clean, pure, and healthy condition, and the consumer is satisfied. This is the only way to solve the problem.

Some Old Authority on Health said, "One should drink each day a tumbler of water for each ten pounds one weighs." Why not try this at Cambridge Springs, Pa. Erie Railroad booklet for the asking.—Ad.

TRENTON TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

Electric Cars to Run at Eighty Miles an Hour by Third-Rail System.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Feb. 16.—Work was started here yesterday on the new third-rail electric road between this city and Trenton. The line will pass exclusively through farms and will not touch any town or village of any importance between New Brunswick and Trenton.

For this reason there is mystery concerning the reason for its construction, but it is said that the plan of the originators is to sell the line after its completion to some company desiring a through line between Philadelphia and New York other than that proposed by the Johnson syndicate. Leaving Trenton, the road will run near Hamilton Square, Edinburgh, Dutch Neck, north of Cranbury village, near Dayton and thence to Milltown.

The third-rail system will be used. It is proposed to introduce the third rail just outside one of the regular rails. A metal shoe will slide along it and take up the current for the motors. The line will be laid on 60 or 66 feet in length and rock ballasted. The wires for the current will be carried in a conduit alongside the track. At frequent intervals a connecting wire will run up to the third rail and this will carry the current. Only one section, about one hundred feet, of the rail will be alive at one time, and there will be no danger to the public from electricity unless they get under the car when it is in motion.

It is the intention of the promoters of the new line to use standard passenger coaches of 60 or 66 feet in length and weighing upward of 100,000 pounds and which will have four huge motors and will be run at a speed of as high as 75 to 80 miles an hour.

There are several successful third-rail systems in use in the United States, and speeds of as high as 80 miles an hour have been attained.

THEIR DIAMOND WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Brett, Married in 1842, Celebrate the 60th Anniversary.

MATTEAWAN, N. Y., Feb. 17.—The sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Brett was observed here to-day at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Mackey, with whom they are making their home. Mrs. Brett was formerly Miss Amanda Mackey and was born at Plattsburg, Ulster county, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1817, at which place the wedding occurred Feb. 17, 1842, the officiating clergyman being the late Rev. James M. Pease.

Mr. Brett was born in this village Aug. 22, 1817, and since his marriage has lived in Newburgh, N. Y., and Jersey City and Newark, N. J. Some two years ago Mr. Brett retired from business and returned to his native place and early home. He is a descendant of Lieut. Roger Brett of the Royal Navy, who married Catharina Rombout, an only daughter of Francis Rombout, a grantee of the Rombout patent under King James II. This bride, born in New York city in 1687, afterward became known in the colonial history of Fishkill as "Madame Brett." It is an interesting fact that the house, built in 1769 at Matteawan, to which Lieut. Brett brought his wife, is not only standing, but habitable, and is owned by a descendant of the Rombouts.

The couple, who yesterday celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, have three living children: Charles, Howard and John. Mr. Brett is now 84 years of age. His wife is 66. They have a son, Oliver James Brett, who lives in New York city, and has been for more than a quarter of a century with Tiffany & Co. of that city. There are five grand-children.

BRUCE—NORTHSHIELD.

Christian Dentist Marries Jewess, and Their Friends Are Talking.

The marriage of W. W. Bruce, a dentist, of 357 Lenox avenue, to Miss Bethesda Northshield, the daughter of Isaac Northshield, of 685 East 139th street, in The Bronx, has caused much surprise among the friends of both parties. Dr. Bruce is a Christian and his wife is a Jewess. They were married last Wednesday at the home of her parents by Rabbi R. Koller of the Temple Beth-El. The dentist told a SUN reporter yesterday that he had not embraced the Jewish faith. He said that the customary questions in the Jewish marriage ceremony, he said, but did not become a convert.

THE WILLIAM CAREY MEMORIAL MEETING.

The fund in memory of William Carey (for the benefit of the summer camp of the Boys' Club) will be formally transferred to the trustees of the club, Tuesday next, Feb. 18, at 4:30 P. M. at the club's building, 161 Avenue A. There will be two or three married addresses and some appropriate music. All will be welcome.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 16.—A case of smallpox in the State Capitol was discovered yesterday and there is a possibility that the Legislature may adjourn until June. A bill calling for an adjournment was introduced into the House, but was not taken up. The victim of the disease is the Pardon Secretary, whose desk is in the Governor's office.

SMALLPOX IN IOWA CAPITOL.

Legislature May Adjourn Until June Because of It.

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FORTY CHOIR BOYS STRIKE.

THEY GATHER IN A VACANT LOT AND DELIBERATE.

When They Hear Singing They Pelt the Church—Appoint Committees—Dispersed by the Police—The Rector's Son in Command—They Complain of